CUNY LAW JOURNAL

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FOR CENTURIES THE ELITES HAVE CORRUPTED THE LAW BY DIVIDING & DISTRACTING THE WORKING CLASS.

BUT SOON THE WORKING CLASS WILL UNSEAT THE ELITES AND HAVE CUNY KIDS CLEAN UP THE LAW.

Trevor Colliton

My Duty to Stop Another Manhattan DA from Harboring Child Killers

1 CUNY L.J. 451 (2025)

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†† View uploaded sources at archive.org/details/@cuny_law_journal/lists/1/1-cuny-l.j.-451-(2025).

††† This article is at archive.org/details/mydutytostopanothermanhattandafromharboringchildkillers.

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> *All child killers are alike, but each dead child deserves to be remembered in their own way.*[1]

An ancient principle of law was that he who harbors a fugitive is just as guilty.[2] I say that a prosecutor who harbors child killers from justice is himself a child killer. Worst is a chief prosecutor of the world's financial center who harbors the world's richest child killers.

When I was little, my father was infamous[3]—he was the evilest lawyer in the empire.[4] He worked at the world's #1 corporate law firm.[5] He inflicted permanent brain damage on his own family.[6] And he was a child molester.[7]

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[1] My epigraph is inspired by *Anna Karenina*'s opening line. *See* LEO TOLSTOY, ANNA KARENINA 5 (Constance Garnett trans., George W. Jacobs & Co. 1919) (1877) (@whitneyyoung), archive.org/details/annakareninanove00tols/page/n13.

[2] 4 WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, COMMENTARIES *39 (@tim-thompson), archive.org/details/commentariesonla04blac/page/39; *see also* LONE WOLF AND CUB: BABY CART TO HADES, at 26:33 (Toho Co. & Katsu Prods. 1972) (@shadows_of_the_dark), archive.org/details/lone-wolf-and-cub-3-baby-cart-to-hades?start=1593.

[3] *E.g.*, *COPS HUNT LOLITA LAWYER*, N.Y. DAILY NEWS, Mar. 3, 2006, at cover (Getty Images), archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.3a; Kathianne Boniello, *Town man is fugitive on rape charges*, POUGHKEEPSIE J., Mar. 3, 2006, at cover (Newspapers.com), archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.3b; *Perv lawyer bust drama*, N.Y. POST, Mar. 4, 2006, at cover, archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.3c.

[4] This sentence is inspired by *Shogun Assassin*'s opening line. *See* SHOGUN ASSASSIN, at 00:09 (Toho Co. et al. 1980) (@ultragoji2), archive.org/details/ShogunAssassin?start=9.

[5] My father was an "executive compensation and benefits" special associate at Cravath, Swaine & Moore from December 26, 2000, to March 1, 2006. Memorandum and Order at 2, Colliton v. Cravath, Swaine & Moore LLP, No. 08-cv-0400 (S.D.N.Y. Sept. 24, 2008), ECF No. 14 (N.Y. Com. Div. Prac.), archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.5aa/page/2. *Vault*'s yearly peer survey ranked Cravath as America's most prestigious corporate law firm until 2004, Matt Moody, *Vault's Top 100 Law Firms for 2017*, VAULT (June 22, 2016), archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.5b, and for the past nine years, Press Release, Cravath, Swaine & Moore, Cravath Tops 2025 *Vault* Law 100 Ranking of Most Prestigious Law Firms (June 18, 2024), archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.5c. Given America's wealth and juristocracy, I assume that the corporate world views America's most prestigious law firm as the world's most prestigious.

[6] I discuss the rest of my biological family as little as possible. After all that they've been through, shame on anyone who'd try to destroy their privacy.

[7] Memorandum and Order at 6-7, Colliton v. Cravath, Swaine & Moore LLP, No. 08-cv-0400 (citing Plea Transcript at 10-12, New York v. Colliton, Indictment Nos. 0861/06, 1748/06 (Oct. 2, 2007)), archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.452n.5aa/page/6.

When I was four to seven years old, my father used the same child traffickers as dozens of other Manhattan corporate men. My father chose girls, mostly middle school age. Nearly all were girls of color. Many were trafficked from another country or otherwise undocumented.

My father hid his crimes from my mom. He had her, her parents, my younger siblings, and I live 70 miles north of Manhattan[8]—far enough to give him an excuse not to come home from Monday until Friday. Then he spent more of the weekend with me than my mom, often in or near NYC.

My school district was a top example of segregation in the northern U.S.[9] Nine miles north was the home of America's most powerful president—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.[10] Fifteen miles south was the farm of America's most powerful district attorney—Robert Morgenthau.[11]

Morgenthau was Manhattan's DA from 1975 to 2009, and top federal prosecutor from 1961 to 1970.[12] Over his 43 years sheriffing the world's financial center, the world's elites robbed trillions from the working class.[13] He was busy innovating ways to mass incarcerate people of color.

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[8] *Walking Directions: Spackenkill, New York to Manhattan, New York, NY*, GOOGLE MAPS, archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.453n.8.

[9] Professor Erika K. Wilson called two school districts in the northern U.S.—my New York City exurb Spackenkill, and Detroit suburb Grosse Pointe—"concrete examples of how school district boundary lines are enabling second-order social closure that leads to white students monopolizing high-quality schools in white island districts." Erika K. Wilson, *Monopolizing Whiteness*, 134 HARV. L. REV. 2382, 2424, 2439 (2021), web.archive.org/web/20240518234358/https://harvardlawreview.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/134-Harv.-L.-Rev.-2382-1.pdf.

[10] *Walking Directions: Spackenkill, New York to Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt National Historic Site, 4097 Albany Post Rd, Hyde Park, NY 12538*, GOOGLE MAPS, archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.453n.10.

[11] *Walking Directions: Spackenkill, New York to Fishkill Farms, 9 Fishkill Farm Rd, Hopewell Junction, NY 12533*, GOOGLE MAPS, archive.org/details/1cunyl.j.453n.11.

[12] Nina Schutzman, *ICYMI: Robert Morgenthau: NYC legal legend, East Fishkill farmer*, POUGHKEEPSIE J. (Sept. 2, 2014, 7:59 AM), web.archive.org/web/20160221223842/http://www.poughkeepsiejournal.com/story/news/2014/08/30/robert-morgenthau-nyc-legal-legend-east-fishkill-farmer/14889337/?from=global&sessionKey=&autologin=.

[13] From 1975 to 2018, the 90% lowest-income Americans earned $47 trillion less than had income inequality been limited to its 1948-to-1974 rate. Carter C. Price & Kathryn A. Edwards, *Trends in Income*

My father dreamed of being an 1800s billionaire who owned racehorses and controlled servants. My father's mom took him to Saratoga Race Course as a kid. He watched billionaires cheer their horses. But the closest he'd ever get to the owner's boxes was a gambling addiction.

Saratoga—180 miles north of NYC—held races from late July to Labor Day. The other 10.5 months, my father took me to NYC-area tracks & OTBs—off-track betting parlors with TVs showing many tracks. My mom thought that he was taking me to just the races. But we went to more places.

I was my father's cruel experiment. He trained me to be his lifelong servant & piggy bank. He hoped that by middle school I could recruit him girls and win him wagers. He hoped that I'd grow up to buy him big betting allowances, box seats, a stable of horses, and more girls.

Some weekends my father gathered with men at mansions. My earliest memory of that is a Latina girl reminiscing about a girl recently killed for threatening to go to police. I attended a Catholic preschool. At Monday's prayer time, I prayed for the dead girl I'd never met.

But most weekends my father brought me around two to four girls who only he was "with." There was no pattern to how my father & I met the girls. They'd wait for us or be brought to us at a racetrack, one of several Manhattan apartments he used, or a random spot in or near NYC.

From 1975 to 2018 9-12 (RAND Corp., Working Paper No. WR-A516-1, 2020), web.archive.org/web/20241002164451/https://www.rand.org/content/dam/rand/pubs/working_papers/WRA500/WRA516-1/RAND_WRA516-1.pdf. The elites could seize that much only by corruption in every facet of life—labor, housing, transportation, insurance & pensions, food & groceries, healthcare, education, etc. Yet almost none of the elites' crimes were punished.

I'd always hope that my father's first stop was an OTB—where he wouldn't bring girls—or a racetrack—where he'd bring only one or two girls inside. That meant a chance he'd gamble for so long that we'd "run out of time" to go to one of the apartments where he'd r*** girls in front of me rather than leave me alone in his car.

If my father was especially violent or humiliating toward a girl, he'd often blame his anger on another girl or me. For example, he'd choke a girl for a few seconds and say that he did only because another girl didn't satisfy him or I'd lost all the money he'd given me to bet.

Speaking was the easiest way to upset my father. His favorite line was that "Jesus said children should be seen but not heard." So the girls & I shouldn't talk in his presence unless we're answering him or so quiet he can't hear us. Years later I learned Jesus never said that.

The scariest lie my father repeated was that God requires a man to kill his whole family if his wife or children betray him. My father warned me that many oldest sons have gotten their mom & siblings killed by poisoning their minds against the father while he was away at work.

Before my father left my family & I on Sunday evenings, he'd usually assign me sentences to copy thousands of times by his return on Friday. Many weeks he had me memorize facts that he thought would someday help me fit in with the elites and get rich to buy him horses & girls.

Other weeks I had to copy lines on obedience. Over three years, I wrote a million lines like "Children should be seen but not heard," "I must always obey my father," "Only my family will ever love me," "I will never talk to the police or [child services]," or "I am worthless."

My father always assigned an impossible number of lines. On Fridays I waited in terror for his arrival. The sound of the garage door opening made me shiver for minutes until I found out how angry he'd be at me—and my family & the girls in turn—for how "few" lines I'd copied.

My father would lean over my shivering writing hand to see that I hadn't copied enough lines. Before saying my punishment, he'd often hit me and rant a lie that "the Jews in Westchester"—sometimes he'd add "the Asians in Queens"—slavishly obey their dads & write lines all day.

One week, my father made me copy thousands of times each U.S. executive department. That weekend at one of the mansions I learned why: I met a VIP who used his role at the Department of Housing and Urban Development to get girls from public housing for corporate men to r***.

My father admired the HUD official for being close with a New York governor's son who'd married a daughter of Robert F. Kennedy. The official helping traffic girls of color from public housing to rich White r*pists worked for Bill Clinton's second HUD Secretary—Andrew Cuomo.